The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle. It will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

EULALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. STATED Meetings on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Also Masonic gatherings on every Wednesday Evening, for work and practice, at their Hall in Coudersport.
TIMOTHY IVES, W. M.
SAMUEL HAVEN, Sec'y.

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and M'Kean Counties. All business entrusted in his care will receive prompt attention. Office corner of West and Third streets.

ARTHUR G. OLMSTED,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care, with promptnes and fidelity. Office on Soth-west corner of Main and Fourth streets.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to him, with care and promptness. Office on Second st., near the Allegheny Bridge.

F. W. KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will regularly attend the Courts in Potter and the adjoining Counties.

O. T. ELLISON,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promply respond to all calls for professional services. Office on Main st., in building formerly occupied by C. W. Ellis, Esq.

C. S. & E. A. JONES,
DEALERS IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

D. E. OLMSTED,
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, READY-MADE Clothing, Crockery, Groceries, &c., Main st., Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goods usually found in a country Store.—Coudersport, Nov. 27, 1861.

M. W. MANN,
DEALER IN BOOKS & STATIONERY, MAGAZINES and Music, N. W. corner of Main and Third sts., Coudersport, Pa.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL,
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second Streets, Coudersport, Potter Co., Pa.
A Livery Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel.

L. BIRD,
SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER, &c., BROOKLAND, Pa., (formerly Cushingville.) Office in his *Store* building.

MARK GILLON,
TAILOR—nearly opposite the Court House—will make all clothes intrusted to him in the latest and best styles—Prices to suit the times.—Give him a call. 13.41

ANDREW SANBERG & BRO'S.
TANNERS AND CURRIERS.—Hides tanned on the shares, in the best manner. Tannery on the east side of Allegany river. Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.—Jy 17,'61

H. J. OLMSTED. . . . . S. D. KELLY
OLMSTED & KELLY,
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN & SHEET IRON WARE, Main st., nearly opposite the Court House, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order in good style, on short notice.

"THE UNION"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
Philadelphia.
UPTON S. NEWCOMER, Proprietor.
This Hotel is central, convenient by Passenger cars to all parts of the city, and in every particular adapted to the wants of the business public.
Terms $1.50 per day.

UNION HOTEL,
COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PENN.,
A. S. ARMSTRONG
HAVING refitted and newly furnished the house on Main street, recently occupied by R. Rice, is prepared to accommodate the traveling public in as good style as can be had in town. Nothing that can in any way increase the comforts of the guests will be neglected. Dec. 11,1861

OLD HUNDRED.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

The air as old, also—the immortal "Old Hundred."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often he heard the declaration, "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the Reformers—Luthur and his devoted band. He doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating, not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence, it cannot die! Neither man nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it.

The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face has haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear, white-headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheek, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have at different times, and in different places, joined in the familiar tune? Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds.

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs, never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, oh God, exalted high!"

THE PRESIDENT.—A correspondent writing from Fortress Monroe, says, How enthusiastically all speak of the noble head of our nation—the Providential man, the Moses of our Israel! I never witnessed so much enthusiasm about any as about that plain, homely, gaunt being who walks unostentatious among our soldiers, and whom they greet as their truest friend. To day he visited the hospital at Fortress Monroe, and spoke to every wounded man in these crowded ward rooms, where Rebels and Unionists lie side by side on beds of pain. "God bless him!" said many of our wounded boys. "Amen!" responded faintly, but fervently, some Rebel soldiers. I do not wonder that some of the Rebel prisoners refuse to go back to their army, where they were so differently treated, and where they must contrast the unfeeling traitor, Jeff Davis, with that truest man, God's noblest work, the man for the hour, Abraham Lincoln.

Ex-Senator Gwin, of Cal., who whined so doletully about being sent to Fort Lafayette, having been released, is now openly with Jeff Davis' family, at Raleigh.

Death of Gen. Wm. H. Keim.

HARRISBURG, MAY 20, 1862.

Gen. Wm. H. Keim died of typhoid fever on Sunday last. His remains will be sent to Reading to-morrow to be interred there. They will be accompanied by the heads of the military and civil departments. Gen. Keim has always occupied a prominent position in the Government of Pennsylvania, and the experience which he thus acquired, added to his marked abilities, qualified him to fill any position in the councils of the State with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his constituents. Gen. Keim was a native of the city of Reading. For many years he commanded the Fifth Division of Pennsylvania Volunteers, and held the rank of Major General. From his entrance into public life he took an evident interest in the internal improvements of Pennsylvania, and from one position to another advanced to the position of Surveyor General, having been elected to that office by the Republican party. Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, feeling that he could be of more service to his country in the field than in the council chamber, he tendered his services to Gov. Curtin. They were accepted. Two Major Generals were accepted from this State—Gen. Patterson and Gen. Keim. He was immediately ordered to duty on the Upper Potomac, and had command of one of Gen. Patterson's divisions during the General's campaign. By his active and bold conduct in Maryland he overawed the Secessionists of that State. The three months' campaign having ended, he was mustered out of service, simultaneously with Gen. Patterson. He at once resumed the duties of his office, which had been entrusted pro tem. to one of his subordinates. Several months ago he again entered the service of his country as Brigadier General, and joined Gen. McClellan's army, having previously resigned his State position. Having been attacked with typhoid fever, he was compelled to return to Harrisburg for medical treatment. He arrived in that city only a few days since, and on Sunday last his friends were startled with the announcement of his death.

WHAT GOOD LUCK IS.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning.—Good luck is, if you have only one shilling a week, live upon eleven pence, and save a penny—good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbor's alone—good luck is to fulfill the commandment and do unto other people as we would have them do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, for they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in this world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God. Then good luck will come to them.

STRONG ARGUMENT VS. STRONG BUTTER.—"My son, why is it, that when you drop your bread and buttor it is always the butter side down?"

"I don't know. It badn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."

"Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning."

"Did she churn it? The great lazy thing."

"What, your aunt?"

"No, this here butter. To make that poor old woman churn it, when it's strong enough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zeb, I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic houses."

"Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank?"

"'Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! what makes you talk so smart?"

"'Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter."

"I'll tell you, ma, what I would do with it. Keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it."

"Zeb, don't aggrevate me; but here is a quarter, go to the store and buy some fresh butter."

The statement is now made by authority, that the visit of M. Mercier, the French Minister to Richmond, was made without instructions from his Government, or its knowledge, but in consequence of a conversation with Secretary Seward, in which the latter expressed a willingness that the other should visit the rebel Capitol and judge for himself of the hopelessness of the rebel cause. The President also approved of his going. He held no official intercourse with any one at Richmond, and his whole course was most discreet and friendly towards our Government.

People criticise higher than they attain.

From the 58th Pa. Regiment.

GOSPORT NAVY YARD NEAR NORFOLK, VA., MAY, 22, 1862.

ED. JOURNAL: The 58th Pa. State Volunteers, under the command of Gen. Wool, is now snugly quartered amid the ruins of the Gosport Navy Yard. The destruction of this Yard is complete as far as fire and saltpetre could make it. No vandalism of modern times ever pursued the policy of this unholy and causeless Rebellion; bridge burning, house burning, and a general destruction can everywhere be seen in the track of the Rebel army. So far as personal liberty and the rights of property are concerned the French Revolution of '98 pales before this rebellion of the South. The higher the grade the more atrocious will the actors be found. It is among the F.F.V.'s that the real virus of the rebellion exists and is there developed in its most malignant form. As the Confederates became advised of our advance upon Norfolk they took occasion to retire upon the plea that it was a military necessity, with the view of concentrating all their strength for the defence of Richmond. We found the people thoroughly rebellious, the exceptions were only to be found among the laboring class, all others giving signs of their displeasure. Stores and shops of all kinds were closed and even the blinds of private houses were shut and their doors thoroughly bolted. The great mass of people were taught and believed that we were so many devils incarnate, many of us with horns like beasts whose only object was plunder. The truth is that human Slavery and treason are synonymous in the South. It is so even in the little State of Delaware. Whoever owns human chattels desires the destruction of the Government, and will leave no means unturned to accomplish their hellish purposes. The only mode of striking the Rebellion is to strike at the institution of Slavery. The Union can never be restored in *statu quo ante bellum*. Slavery has got to be made subordinate to the law, and in order to do this its power must be weakened if not destroyed. Perhaps measures looking to its gradual extinction may be the best, but like the girdled tree, it must be so fixed that it will grow no more and in the end surely die The effect of our occupation here is to abolitionize the blacks. They think that their shackles have already fallen, and they know of no such obligation as service. Whatever they earn they as unceremoniously pocket. Somehow they reason strangely for blacks. They say that whatever may be the fruits of their labor belongs to them. It is in vain to tell them that such notions are unconstitutional and wrong, according to Southern ethics, for they uniformly say to you that God made all men of one flesh and they can't see why they ought not to have the benefit of their own labor. They are a very Christian people and they have the *impudence* to assert that it is anti-Christian to separate husband and wife, parent and child, and then doom them to everlasting servitude. What force there may be in their arguments I leave it for your readers to determine; suffice it to say that they look upon the detested Yankee with favor and many there are who think the day of the millenium is dawning.

Through the instrumentality of a Christian Association in Massachusetts a Superintendent, Chas. F. Wilders, has been sent to Fortress Monroe to look after the interest of the contrabands who are supplied with such assistance as they may want. Mr. Wilder discharges his duties faithfully with this exception, that no slave who sought his protection has ever found his way back to his master. In a democratic sense this is evidently wrong, but not knowing of the process by which they become free I am not prepared to pass judgement upon its legality, or unconstitutionality. Ask the negro who he belongs to, and he will say almost universally that his master is in the Rebel army, "don't know whose I belong to, Master Wilder says I don't belong to anybody, suppose he knows, guess I'm free. Don't see why. One thing's sure, I'm never going back any more." Were the war to cease to-day, Slavery has received such a stunning blow that it cannot recover. If the independence of the Confederacy was acknowledged to-day, still human Slavery is doomed. This relic of barbarism must give way under the pressure of Christianity, pure philanthropy, and modern civilization. Its great strength and safety was under the strong arm of the Federal Government. That shield withdrawn, and no other power having that institution its corner-stone, can save it. Division weakens it, and in whatever light we may view it its doom is sealed, and reconstruction, division or compromise of any kind cannot avert it.

The blockade has caused great distress in Rebeldom. Bread, pork and hominy are among the least. The following are a sample of prices: Salt, $8 per barrel; coarse sheeting, 4 shillings per yard; butter, 60 cents per pound; sugar, 6 shillings per pound; Quinine, just what you may ask; Whiskey, (rot gut) $4,50 per gallon; coffee, 6 shillings per pound; tea, $4 per pound, and all other articles proportionably high. Fifty years of peace will be required to restore the South to the prosperity which she enjoyed prior to the rebellion. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard." That the war will close by the entire subjugation of the South, no one can now doubt, but the future *status* of the Southern States is speculative. I venture the opinion that a different people must eventually inhabit the South, carrying with them institutions more compatible with the civilization of the progressive age in which we live.

C. B. CURTIS.

The Goddess of Poverty.

Paths sanded with gold, verdant heaths, ravens loved by the wild goats, great mountains crowned with stars, wandering torrents, impenetrable forests, let the good goddess pass through—the Goddess of Poverty!

Since the world existed, since men have been, she traverses the world, she dwells among men; she travels singing, and she sings working, the goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

Some men assembled to curse her They found her too beautiful, too gay, too nimble, and too strong. "Pluck out her wings," said they. "Chain her, bruise her with blows, that she may suffer, that she may perish," the Goddess of Poverty!

They have chained the good goddess; they have beaten and persecuted her; but they cannot disgrace her She has taken refuge in the soul of poets, in the soul of peasants, in the soul of martyrs, in the soul of saints, the good goddess, the Goddess of Poverty.

She has walked more than the Wandering Jew; she has traveled more than the swallow; she is older than the Cathedral of Prague; she is younger than the egg of the wren; she has multiplied more upon the earth than strawberries in Bohemian forests, the goddess, the good Goddess of Poverty!

She always makes the grandest and most beautiful things that we see upon the earth; it is she who has cultivated the fields and pruned the trees; it is she who tends the fields, singing the most beautiful airs; it is she who sees the first peep of dawn, and receives the last smile of evening, the good Goddess of Poverty!

It is she who carries the sabre and the gun; who makes our war and conquests. It is she who collects the dead, tends the wounded, and hides the conquered, the good Goddess of Poverty!

Thy children will cease one day to carry the world upon their shoulders; they will be recompensed for their labor and toil. The time approaches when there will be neither rich nor poor; when all men shall consume the fruits of the earth, and equally enjoy the gifts of God; but thou wilt not be forgotten in their hymns. Oh, good Goddess of Poverty!—*George Sand.*

A Life Thought.

I heard a man who had failed in business, and whose furniture was sold at auction, say that when the cradle, the crib, and the piano went, the tears would come, and he had to leave the house to be a man. Now there are thousands of men who have lost their pianos, but who have found better music in the sound of their children's voices and footsteps going cheerfully down with them to poverty, than any harmony of a chorded instrument. Oh, how blessed is bankruptcy, when it saves a man's children. I see many men who are bringing up their children as I should bring up mine, if, when they were ten years old, I should lay them on a dissecting table and cut the sinews of their arms and legs, so that they could neither walk nor use their hands, but only sit still and be fed. Thus rich men are putting the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up, fatted, lazy calves, good for nothing at twenty-five but to drink deep and squander wide, and the father must be a slave all his life in order to make beasts of his children. How blessed, then, is the stroke of disaster which sets the children free, and gives them over to the hard but kind bosom of poverty, who says to them, "work," and working makes them men.—*Beecher.*

There are increasing evidences of a strong and extended Union feeling in North Carolina Union meetings have been held, talk of abrogating the ordinance of Secession is becoming common, and Gov. Clark has refused more troops to Jeff Davis, and voluntarily offered to surrender all the Union prisoners held in the State, except commissioned officers, to the United States. They number about four thousand. Events at Raleigh indicate that the State authorities and the friends of the Union are about to coöperate.

Let a man turn rebel, and all other crimes will come easy to him.

Loss at Front Royal.

On Friday, May 23, 9,000 Rebels surrounded the brave Col. John R. Kenley's Regiment of first Maryland infantry, and several companies of Michigan cavalry, numbering in all about 1,100 men at Front Royal, Warren county, Virginia. The most of the cavalry escaped, but the rest were mostly captured. Col. Kenly was wounded and taken prisoner. Front Royal is about twenty miles directly south of Winchester, and fifteen miles east of Strasburg.

The first information Col. Kenley had of his danger was by a colored man, who came riding furiously to the camp, saying the Rebels were coming—and before we were fully formed, they were upon our army, which fought desperately, retiring in good order as far as possible, and only yielding to absolute necessity. Some of our escaped men say the Rebels massacred our wounded and prisoners, with bayonets and revolvers!

The Repulse at Winchester.

On Saturday, Gen. Banks telegraphed that Col Kenley's command had been defeated and driven back from Front Royal Gen. Banks was then at Strasburg, ten miles west of Front Royal, at the western terminus of the Manassas Gap Railroad. In order to protect his stores and baggage trains, he fell back to Winchester, ten or twenty miles in a northeasterly direction, toward Harper's Ferry. On the way, he had some unimportant skirmishes. This was all the actual news we had up to Sunday morning. The following is Gen. Banks' official account, dated at Martinsburg, Sunday afternoon:

"The Rebels attacked us this morning, at daybreak, in great force, estimated at 15,000, consisting of Ewell's and Jackson's divisions. The fire of the picquets began with the light, and was followed by the artillery until the lines were fully under fire on both sides. The left wing stood firmly, holding its ground well, and the right did the same for six hours, when the right wing fell back, were ordered to withdraw, and the troops passed through the town in considerable confusion. They were quickly re-formed on the other side, and continued their march in good order to Martinsburg, where they arrived at 2.40 p. m., a distance of 21 miles. Our trains are in advance, and will cross the river in safety.

Our entire force engaged was less than 4,000, consisting of Gordon's and Donnelley's brigades, with two regiments of cavalry under Gen. Hatch, and two batteries of artillery. Our loss was considerable, as was that the enemy, but can not be stated. We were reinforced by the 15th Maine, which did good service, and a regiment of cavalry.

N. P. BANKS, Maj. Gen. Com'g.

Among the incidents narrated is that the women of Winchester fired upon our soldiers from their houses, and sick men were killed or thrown out of the Hospitals!

Banks' force crossed safely at Williamsport, having lost only a few wagons, during the rapid and dangerous route, assailed on the flank, front and rear by an overwhelming force. The handling of our men was cautious but bold, and no one faults the Generals or the soldiers for the compulsory withdrawal.

Gen. Saxton commanded our force at Harper's Ferry, and it was thought a Rebel force was attempting to cross both there and at Williamsport. But our men prepared to dispute any such passage.

Great Rebel Failure.

The strengthening of the great armies of M'Clellan and M'Dowell, left Banks' force the weak point in our line. With their usual sagacity, the Rebels saw this, and hurried on a large force of "picked men" under their favorite Jackson, to cut off Bank's army, capture the [illegible], and secure his coveted supplies. But Banks was too wary for them, and although hard pressed and peeled on every side he saved so many of his men and munitions as to thwart his adversary in his designs, and to extort the admiration of all.

If the enemy hoped to withdraw any of our force from Richmond, they failed—the new troops were to meet the danger.

There were several disturbances in Baltimore, Sunday and Monday of last week. A number of Secessionists, encouraged by the success of the rebels at Front Royal, insulted Union men and were severely beaten. A little changed from thirteen months ago—then a Union man dared not declare himself in Baltimore. Secessionists are becoming more obnoxious than Abolitionists.

It is hard to tell whether the Rebels or the Breckinridge Democrats denounce Fremont the most. His mode of dealing with freebooters in his region is Jacksonian, and effective.

A Mass Convention of those favoring the President's emancipation views, is to be held in the Capitol of Missouri, Wednesday, June 16th to nominate State Officers.